This Maſque may be Printed
By priviledge of a moſt ancient Record in
the Roles belonging to Prince D'AMOVR.

T. MAVNSELL.

Maſter of Revels to his HIGHNES.

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THE TRIUMPHS OF THE PRINCE D'AMOVR.

A Masque

PRESENTED BY HIS Highnesse at His Pallace in the Middle Temple, the 24th of Februarie 1635.

LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Meighen*, next to the Middle Temple Gate in Fleetstreet. 1635.

LONDON,
Printed for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle
Temple Gate in Fleetstreet. 1693.

To Every Reader.

The intention of this Entertainement to the Prince Elector, *being hastily prepar'd, as from eager hearts that could delay no Ceremony that might render an expreſsion of their Loves: It could not be, but I muſt ſhare the inconvenience of that haſt: ſince length and aptitude of time is ſtill allow'd to theſe Compoſures: And this (devis'd and written in three dayes) might happely have found an excuſe, if the preſentation had beene as ſuddenly perform'd, as it was prepar'd: but*

there was a sad necessitie for the delay; and I may justly stile it a misfortune, that the generall worke could not receive the benefit of alteration by that unprofitable leasure, which since we have rather lost than enjoy'd. Though some Truthes are not conveniently urg'd, this I was forc'd to say in a malignant time, when most men strive to raise themselves a reputation of witt, by Cavill and Dislike.

W. D.

A MASQVE PRESENTED BY his HIGHNESSE, at his Pallace in the *Middle-Temple*, the 24th. of *February*, 1635.

BEFORE the Scene was discovered, the Princes being prepar'd under the state at the upper end of the Hall; the Master of Ceremonies to the Prince D'AMOVR, receives an Imployment by a whisper from his Master, then moves to the Prince Elector (to whom this Entertainment was onely directed) and speakes this.

SIr, this short journey from my Princes Throne,
Is meant in Embassie to You alone;

To

To You, whom he receives not as his Gheſt,
For You are both his Ornament and Feaſt.
Although his Greatneſſe is not taught to bow,
His Subjects feare, he will doe homage now,
Which he eſteemes no leſſ'ning to his State,
Since 'tis his Love decrees it, not his Fate.
Nay more, his Meſſage moves ſo low, I feare,
What ſounds like tender Courtſhip in your eare,
His Iealous Barons will diſlike, and cry,
I am perverted to diſloyaltie;
Vrge my Commiſſion falſe, then taxe me for
An eaſie Traytor, no Embaſſadour;
As if my words would pull his Empire downe,
Shorten his Scepter, and contract his Crowne;
Thus whiſper'd by my feares, I muſt impart
For Ceremony now, what is his heart,
Though with content of Truth, I may report
You haue a num'rous Faction in his Court.
This Pallace where, by ſword, then law maintain'd
His few, but mighty Anceſtors have raign'd,
Is conſecrated yours; which he doth give,
Not in regard he hath ſhort time to live;
For ſo, ſince his Succeſſor is unknowne,
You take what is his Subjects, not his owne,

And

And what is a ſurrender now, would be
Receiv'd to morrow as a Legacie:
If more of his free love, I ſhould relate,
They'd ſtile it homage in our Iealous ſtate.

At the upper end, oppoſite to the ſtate, was a ſtage of ſix foot high: and there was preſented to ſight a Front of *Architecture* with two Pillaſters at each ſide, and in the middle of the Coronich a Compartement, with this inſcription in an Ovall.

Les Triumphes du Prince d'Amour.

The Curtaine flying up, on the ſudden the *Scene* was diſcovered with a Village conſiſting of *Alehouſes* and *Tobacco ſhops*, each fronted with a red Lettice, on which blacke Indian Boyes ſate beſtriding Roles of Tobacco, and in the place of Signes, Globes hung up, ſtucke up full of broken Pipes. Before each dore were ſeene old Loggs, and Trunkes of hollow Trees, on them ſate the Perſons of the firſt *Antimaſque* drinking, and making to each other ſuch ridiculous ſalutes, as did intimate a joy of meeting, and acquaintance. This continued a while, and then they prepar'd for their firſt entry.

The first Anti-Masque.

Two, whose habits presented them, for swaggering Souldiers, and of the cheaper quallity, such as are said to roare, not fight, their Beards mishapen, with long whiskers of the Stilletto cut.

Two Dutch Sea Officers, a Gunner and a Boatswaine.

An old over-growne debaush'd Cavalier, that seem'd unwieldy with his weight, his Riots had so inlarg'd him.

A Begging Souldier, with a Knapsack hanging at his backe.

A Suttlers wife, denoted by her dresse of the Campe, her head being bound with a Saddle girth, instead of Phylliting.

These after their Entry was perform'd, retire.

On the sudden, the Scene wholly changing, appeares a Campe of Tents, distinguished by their severall Colours: And in the middst was discover'd the Temple of *Mars*, the forme being square, and of the Dorick Order, with Trophies of Armes on the Front. Within the middle of the Temple stood the Statue of *Mars*, of Copper, upon a Pedestall.

This having continu'd a while in prospect, the Priests of *Mars* came out of the Temple, cloath'd in Crimson robes, of the Antick shape, girt in the waist and being tuck'd up, fall in a fold; on their heads,

Miters

Miters of a Helmet forme, with a Poniard advanc'd on the top, and they ſing this by way of Preparation.

(1)

Come ſhut our Temple and away,
Our bold ſeditious God ſhall ſtay;
Wee'l ſerve no ſacrifice to day,
Our humor is to Feaſt, not Pray.

(2)

The Battell which our Knights have won.
Did laſt untill th' amazed Sun
For feare, did mend his uſuall pace,
And ſet betimes to hide his face.

(3)

And now the ſtory of their fight
Is univerſall, as his light,
Which Fame upon her ſwifter wing
Hath early brought for us to ſing.

This Song ended, with a ſlow pace they deſcend (playing on their Inſtruments) and being advanc'd

neere the State, ſing this to ſignifie ſome Battell lately fought.

(1)

Heark! heark! the trouble of the day draws neere,
And now the Drum doth teach the heart to beat,
Whilſt Trumpets cheriſh not, but wound the eare
Of ſuch, who are ordain'd for a defeat.

Chorus.

Heark! Heark! ſome groane, and curſe uncertaine
Which vs for blood and ruine, doth create. (Fate,

(2)

Charge! charge! cries ev'ry bold ambitious knight,
Whilſt artificiall darkneſſe hid their way,
The lightning of their Swords was all their light,
For duſt, & ſulphrous clouds had chok'd the day.

Chorus.

Heark! heark! ſome groane, and curſe uncertaine
Which vs for blood and ruine, doth create. (Fate,

Burne,

(3)

Burn, burn, was straight the noyse in ev'ry Tent,
Whilst some mis-led by their disorder'd feare,
Did helpe to kindle what they should prevent,
And scap'd the Van to perish in the Reere.

Chorus.

Heark! heark! some groane, and curse uncertaine Fate,
Which vs for blood and ruine, doth create.

(4)

Fly, fly, cryes then the tame dejected Foe,
Each wondring at the terror which he feeles,
And in the hurry of their overthrow,
Forsook their Arms, and trusted to their heels.

Chorus.

Heark! heark! some groane, and curse uncertaine Fate,
Which vs for blood and ruine, doth create.

(5)

Stand! stand! was now the word our Knights did give,
For weary of pursuit, they had no will

To grace with death, who basely sought to live,
As if unworthy of their paines to kill.

Chorus.

Heark! heark! some groane, and curse uncertaine Fate,
Which vs for blood and ruine, doth create.

The Priests of *Mars* retire, and strait the Masquers appeare as coming out of severall Tents, their habits being Martiall and richly imbroder'd, inclining neere the old Romane shape; their Helmets Triumphantly plum'd, whiles the Bevir falling ore the face, serv'd for a disguise, and supply'd to each the office of a Vizard. These by their appearance and demeanour were devis'd to intimate those heroique Knights *Templers*, to which the Pallace of the Prince *D' Amour* was anciently Dedicated. They descend with a Majestique pace, and dance their first entry, then retire towards the Scene: whilst with amazement they discover *Cupid* descending in a bright cloud, who at their interview sings this.

(1)

Whither so gladly, and so fast,
As if you knew all danger past
Of Combat, and of War?

As

As you believ'd my armes were bound,
Or when I shoot, still ev'ry wound
I make, is but a scar.

(2)

Arme now your brests with shields of steele,
And plates of Brasse, yet you shall feele
My arrowes are so keene,
Like lightning that not hurts the skin,
Yet melts the solid parts within,
They'l wound, although unseene.

(3)

My Mother taught mee long agoe
To ayme my shafts, and draw my Bow
When Mars *shee did subdue.*
And now you must resigne to Love,
Your warlike hearts, that shee may prove
Those antick Stories true.

This being sung, *Cupid* having dispersed his darts amongst them, which charmes them from designes of warre to inclinations of love, they all retire.

The Scene wholly changing, there appeares a square Piazza, resembling that of *Venice*, and 'tis compos'd.

compos'd of Pallaces, and leſſer Fabricks, with Courtizans looking out of windows, and Balconees, fantaſtically adorn'd, ſome in Italian, others in a Turkiſh dreſſe, and this proſpect, prepares the ſecond Anti-maſque, who ſtrait are diſcovered walking in the Piazza.

The ſecond Anti-maſque.

The firſt

A grave formall Spaniſh Lover, who addreſſing himſelfe to ſome Courtizan, in a Balconee, ſalutes her often with congies tedious and low.

The ſecond

A jealous Italian Lover, who fixing his eyes on another Miſtreſſe at her window, dinotes the vexation of his humour, by deſperate ſighes, beating on his breaſt, and ſometimes a melancholly poſture, ſtanding with his Armes wreath'd.

The third.

A giddy Fantaſticke French Lover, who being likewiſe addreſſed to ſome beauty, gazing at her windore, his humour is diſcern'd by ſtrange ridiculous cringes, and friſks in his ſalutes, with which hee ſeemes to invite her acquaintance: having divers notes of Levitie in his habit, and wearing his Miſtreſſe Fanne ty'd with a Ribband in his eare.

The

The Fourth

A dull Dutch Lover, perſonating ſome Yonker of Vtrecht, who gazing upwards too, doth often apply his Handkerchiefe to his eyes, as if the griefe of his diſpaire did make him weepe.

The Fifth

A furious debauſh'd Engliſh Lover, who in his habit ſtriving to imitate his Neighbour (the Monſier) ſtill outdoes his vanitie, which his accoutrement doth ſeverally expreſſe, and he hangs in the right eare his Miſtreſſes Muffe, in the left her Shooe with a Chapeen. He is not fix'd to one Balconee, but directs himſelfe to all, offers to draw his Sword, and ſeemes to threaten with his fiſt, as he would rather breake their windowes, then deſire them opned, that hee might gaine a looke from his Lady.

Theſe ſeverall humors being a while artificially expreſſed, they deſcend, and dance their ſecond entry, and retire.

The Scene wholly changing againe: There was obſerv'd in a Grove of Cypreſſe intermingled with Mirtle Trees, the Temple of *Venus*, being an eight ſquare of the Corinthian order: within the Temple her Satue of Siluer, ſtanding in an Neech, with *Cupid* by her, to whom ſhe ſeemes to deliver an Arrow; the Pilaſters, and Ornaments were heightned with Siluer.

From this Temple the Prieſts of *Venus* are diſ-

cern'd to come in loose white Robes, their heads adorn'd with Coronets of Flowres, and playing on their Instruments, they descend and sing this.

(1)

Unarme, unarme! no more your fights
Must cause the virgins teares,
But such as in the silent nights,
Spring rather from their feares.

(2)

Such diff'rence as when Doves do bill,
Must now be all your strife:
For all the blood that you shall spill,
Will usher in a life.

(3)

And when your Ladies falsly coy
Shall timerous appeare,
Believe, they then would faine enjoy
What they pretend to feare.

(4)

Breath then each others breath, and kisse
Your soules to union:
And whilst they shall injoy this blisse,
Your bodies too, are one.

(5)

To morrow will the hasty Sun
Be fear'd more of each Lover,
For hindring to repeat what's done,
Than what it may discover.

The Priests of *Venus* retire, and the Masquers appeare in the Scene, their vests altered to a more soft and Courtly change; with severall adornements, that might present them to every understanding for a Troope of noble Lovers. Their second entry being daunc'd, they retire into the Temple.

The Scene wholly changing, strait was perceiv'd in a Grove of Lawrell Trees, the Temple of *Apollo*, being round, and transparent, of the order of Composita, the Columnes and Ornamants, being heightned with gold, his statue of gold standing in the middle of the Temple, upon a round Pedestall: behind and betweene the Columnes did appeare a prospect of Landskap.

The Priests of *Apollo* approach from severall parts of the Temple, cloath'd in Carnation Robes, with wreathes of Laurell on their heads, they sing this when they descend.

(1)

Make roome for our God too, make roome,
For now surpriz'd, and ravish'd with delight,

Apollo *is from* Delphos *come*,
T'inſpire, and breath himſelf in every Knight.

(2)

His God-head is inclin'd to prove
How juſtly proud, and happy you will be,
When with the powers of War and Love,
Hee ſhall unite his wiſer Deity.

(3)

Then ſtill, as if not made of Earth,
Expreſſe your thankfulueſſe in active pleaſure.
Whilſt you deſigne your hearts to Mirth,
Your eares to numbers, & your feet to meaſure.

This ended, the Prieſts of *Apollo* retire to make way for a new diſcovery of certaine perſons in the Scene, which ſeeme halfe hidden behind the Trees: Then invite them to deſcend by ſinging this.

(1)

Behold, how this conjunction thrives!
His radiant beames Apollo *ſtrives*
So much to ſtrengthen and increaſe,
As growth and verdure nere ſhould ceaſe.

(2)

Come you induſtrious ſlaves of plenty, bring
All that is hop'd for in an Eaſtern Spring:

Or all that Autumne yields, when ſhe doth pay
Thoſe promis'd hopes where 'tis perpetuall day.

(3)

Come ſtrew this ground (delay us not with ſlowth)
Strew till we walke on ſweet Cecillian Flowres,
To prove how Seeds have haſtned in their growth,
Drop Indian fruits, as thick as Aprill ſhowres.

Now deſcending from the Scene, appeares twelve men, wildly habited, Waſtcotes of fleſh color made them ſhew naked to the middle, their heads cover'd with greene leaves, their waſtes girt with the like, and a greene Baſis fring'd, reach'd to their knees, which did declare them Labourers on a Fruitfull Soyle; and what they carryed did demonſtrate a Fruitfull Seaſon.

For moving downe in order towards the State, each ſupported in his Armes, a ſmall ſquare frame, the wood hidden with greene Boughes, and on that bore a Charger full of precious fruits, and cover'd with bloſſom'd twigs and flowers: Which being fix'd neere to the State, were ſo joyn'd together, that there was ſtraight diſcovered a Table richly furniſh'd with a Banquet, that look'd as it were hidden in a Grove: And whilſt the Princes accepted of this entertainment, the Prieſts belonging to the three ſeverall Deities ſung this.

The ſong of Valediction, after the Banquet.

Priests of *Mars*.

The furious Steed, the Phyph and Drum
Invite you still to Triumphs of the War,
Till you as glorious shall become
On Earth as Mars, *in Heaven as bright a Star.*

Priests of *Venus*.

The Balmes rich swet, the Myrrhs sweet teares
Perfume your breath when you would Passion more:
And may her heart, that you indeeres,
The center be, her Eye the sphære of Love!

Priests of *Apollo*.

And may your Language be of force
To body winds, and animate the Trees,
So full of wonder your discourse,
Till all your guesses shall be Prophecies.

Chorus of all.

May our three Gods so long conjoyne,
To raise your soule, and rarefie your sense,
Till you are render'd so Divine,
'Twill be no Sin t'imp pore your Influence.

Thus, as all Pleasures and Triumphs are full of haste, and apteſt to decay, this had an end; yet may I've mention'd a while, if the envie of such as were absent do not rebuke the courteous memory of those who vouchsaf'd to enjoy it.

The Masquers Names,

According as they were rank'd by their Antiquity, in that Noble Society.

Tho: Maunsell.
Will: Morgan.
Will: Wheeler.
Mich: Hutchenson.
Laur: Hyde.
Tho: Bourke.
Edw: Smyth.
Edw: Turnor.
Tho: Way.
Tho: Trenchard.
Geo: Probert.

Those in the first Anti-masque.

Phillip Morgan.
Iohn Freman.
Iohn Bramston.
Ed: Smyth.
Clement Spillman.
Iohn Norden.
Will: Lysle.

Those in the second Anti-masque.

Iohn Stepkin.
Charles Adderly.
Iohn Ratcliffe.
Rich: May.
Giles Hungerford.

The Musick of the Songs and Symphanies were excellently compos'd by M^r. *Henry*, and M^r. *William Laws*, his Majesties Servants.

FINIS.

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According as they were rank'd by their Antiquity, in that Noble Society.

Tho: Mansell.	Edw: Smyth.
Will: Morgan.	Edw: Turner.
Will: Wheele.	Tho: Way.
Mich: Hutchinson.	Tho: Trenchard.
Laur: Hyde.	Geo: Probert.
Tho: Boulke.	

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